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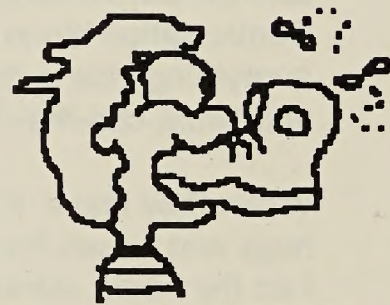
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The Playground

I sit motionless on
a small swing
searching.
A faint breeze brushes
bare skin
reminding of how cold it's been.
The squawk of a
nearby crow creeps into my mind
next to you.
Faint flashes --
the merry-go-round
life pushing us down
the slide,
slipping sadly away.
Strawberries sweet blood
dripping from our mouths.
At the doors we wait --
knobby knees
bruised bone
laughter.
Entering, we assume
adulthood.
Night comes and
swiftly takes you away
to a playground
where it's always day,
leaving me alone
to play.



By: Rebecca Lambrecht

*"The best place to find helping hands is at the end of
your own arms."*

- Confucius

